
In Recital

ELIZABETH SOMMER,
mezzo soprano

assisted by

COREY HAMM, piano

Friday, April 10, 1992 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

PROGRAM

If Music be the Food of Love

(Poem by H Heveningham) (1695)

Music for a While (From Oedipus, ca. 1692)

Henry Purcell

(1659-1695)

Siete Canciones populares Españolas (1915)

El paño moruno

Seguidilla murciana

Asturiana

Jota

Nana

Canción

Polo

Manuel de Falla

(1876-1946)

From "Italianisches Liederbuch"

((Anon. Italian poems translated by P Heyse)

Auch kleine Dinge (1891)

Wer rief dich denn (1890)

Nein, junger Herr (1891)

Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand (1896)

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen (1891)

Wir haben beide lange Zeit (1891)

Mein Liebster ist so klein (1891)

Mein Liebster singt am Haus (1891)

Schweig' einmal still (1896)

Hugo Wolf

(1860-1903)

INTERMISSION

It was a lover and his lass
(Shakespeare) (1956)

Geoffrey Bush
(b. 1920)

Fear no more the heat o' the Sun
(Shakespeare) (1921)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

A Charm of Lullabies, Op. 41 (1947)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

A Cradle Song (W Blake)

The Highland Balou (R Burns)

Sephestia's Lullaby (R Greene)

A Charm (T Randolph)

The Nurses Song (J Philip)

From *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* (1867)

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

Dites-lui

J'aime les militaires

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Sommer.

TRANSLATIONS

Seven Songs of the Spanish People

The Moorish cloth

On the fine cloth, in the shop,
A spot has fallen.
It sells for less now,
For it has lost its value—
Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
In glass houses
Shouldn't throw stones
At their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
It may be that
We shall meet on the road.

For your promiscuousness
I can compare you only
To a coin that passes
From hand to hand
Until it's rubbed so smooth
That it's thought bad
And no one will take it.

Asturian song

Seeking consolation,
I drew near a green pine-tree
To see if it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
The pine, as it was green,
Wept to see me weeping.

Jota

They say we're not in love
Because we're not seen to talk;
But let them ask
Your heart and mine!
They say we're not in love

Because we're not seen to talk.
I must leave you now,
Leave your house and your window;
And although your mother
disapproves,
Goodbye, dearest, till tommorow!
Goodbye, dearest, till tommorow.
I must leave you,
Although your mother disapproves...

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep
Sleep, my darling,
Sleep, little star
Of the morning.
Lulla, lullay
Lulla, lullay
Sleep, little star
Of the morning.

Translations (continued)

Song

Because your eyes are treacherous
I'm going to bury them;
You know not what it costs,
Child, to gaze into them,
To gaze into them.
Mother!

They say you don't love me,
But once you did...
Make the best of it
And cut your losses,
Cut your losses.
Mother!

Polo

Ay!
I have,
Alas,
I have a pain in my heart,
I have a pain in my heart,

Alas,
Which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse,
Alas,
On the one who mad me know it!
Ay!

Translations by Lionel Salter
from "Recording Notes"

Canciones Populares Españolas

Duetsche Grammophone 2530-875,
1977.

Auch kleine Dinge -

Even small things may delight us,
even small things may be precious.
Think how gladly we deck ourselves
in pearls;
for much they are sold, and are only
small.

Think how small the olive is,
and yet it is sought for its virtue.
Think only of the rose, how small it
is,
yet smells so sweet, as you know.

Wer rief dich denn?

Who called you then? Who sent for
you?
Who bade you come, if burdensome
it is?
Go to that love who pleases you the
more,
go there, where you have your
thoughts.
Go where your intention is, your
mind!
From coming to me I gladly will
excuse you.
Go to that love who pleases you the
more!
Who called you then? Who sent for
you?

Translations (continued)

Nein junger Herr

No, young man, that's not how one
carries on;
one takes care to behave in a
decent manner.
For everyday I'm good enough, you
think?
But on holidays you look for better.
No, young man, go on doing wrong
like this,
and your everyday love gives you
her notice.

Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand

Your station is no mean one, well I
know
You did not need to condescend so
far
to love a girl so humble and so poor,
since the fairest ladies bow before
you,
The handsomest men you could
easily outdo,
from which I know you do but trifle
with me.
You're mocking me, as people tried
to warn
but oh, you are so handsome! Who
could mind?

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen

You think to snare me with a thread,
make me, with one glance, fall in
love?
I've caught others who've flown
higher;
you musn't trust me if you see me
laugh.
Others I've caught, believe you me,
I am in love, but not with you.

Wir haben beide lange Zeit

Long have we both not spoken,
now, all at once, speech has
returned.
The angels of God have descended,
bringing peace again after war.
The angels of god have descended
with them peace has entered in.
The angels of love came overnight
and they have brought peace to my
breast.

Mein Liebster ist so klein

My sweetheart's so small, that
without bending
he sweeps my room with his hair.
When he went to the garden to pick
jasmine,
a snail scared him out of his wits.
Then when he came in to recover,
a fly knocked him all of a heap;
and when he came to my window,

Translations (continued)

a horse-fly stove in his head.
A curse on all flies—crane- and
horse-
and whoever has a sweetheart from
Maremma!
A curse on all flies, craneflies and
midges
and whoever, for his kiss, has so to
stoop!

Mein Liebster singt am Haus

My dearest's below singing in the
moonlight,
and I must lie listening here in bed.
Away from my mother I turn, and
weep,
my tears are blood which will not
dry.

That broad stream by the bed I've
wept,
for my tears I cannot tell if day is
dawning.
That bedside stream I've wept from
yearning;
blinded I am by my tears of blood.

Schweig' einmal still

O you beastly ranter, do be quiet!
I find your cursed singing revolting.
Even if you kept it up till morning,
you'd still not manage a decent
song.

Do be quiet and get to bed!
I'd rather hear a donkey's serenade.

Translations by George Bird and
Richard Stokes, taken from Dietrich
Fischer-Dieskau's The Fischer-
Dieskau Book of Lieder. London: V.
Gollanz, 1976.

Dites-lui

Tell him that he has attracted
attention.
Tell him that someone thinks
He's charming;
Tell him that if he wishes,
There is no telling
What it may lead to.
Ah! If it would please him to add
Flowers to the palms of glory,
He, the conqueror, could quickly
Carry off another victory.
Tell him that, hardly had I seen him
I liked him.
Tell him that I am losing my head.
Tell him that only he's in my
Thoughts, the rascal,
So much that it drives me mad.

Alas, it was the very moment.
When he appeared that my entire
being,
All my heart, was given to him,
I felt that I have found a master.
Ah, Tell him that, if he doesn't

Translations (continued)

Want me to die,
Tell him (and I speak for her),
Tell him he should answer: Yes.
Tell him
That I love him and that I am
beautiful.

J'aime les militaires

You love danger.
Peril attracts you,
And you do your duty.
You leave tomorrow
And I say to you
Not good-bye, but au revoir!

Ah! How I love the military,
Their jaunty uniforms,
Their moustache and their plume.
Ah, How I love the military
Their conqueror's air, their manners,
In them all pleases me,
When I see my soldiers here,
Ready to start for the war,
Steady, right, eyes at fifteen paces,
Great God, I am quite proud!
Will they conquer or be defeated?
I don't know, but what I do know...

Ah! How I love the military, etc.
I know what I would like...
I should like to be their supplier!
I would always be near them
and I would make them tipsy!

With them, valiant and heady,
I would rush into battle.
Would war please me?
I don't know...but what I do know...

Ah! How I love the military,
Their jaunty uniform, etc.

From "Recording Notes"
La Grande-Duchesse de
Gerolstein/Offenbach.
Columbia M2-34576
c. 1977 CBS Inc.

*I would like to express my
appreciation to my parents, Frank
and Josephine Sommer for all their
support, to Viola Wallbank for her
tireless effort and for helping me to
regain my confidence, and to my
best buds, Mel and Pam.*

There will be a reception to follow in
the adjacent Arts Lounge.